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Poetry.

FOR THE COURIER.

PROSE-POETRY.

From the German of Friedrich Richter (Jean Paul.)
OLD MEN.

Beautiful are the long shadows when the evening sun
lies cool on the earth, for they all point towards the
MORNING.

THE OPEN EYES OF THE DEAD.

Gaze not on me, ye cold, staring, blind eyes! ye are
dead, ye DEATH. Oh friends! shut those eyes it is
only slumber.

REFLECTION OF VESUVIUS IN THE SEA.

"See! under the stern, the light of those red streams,
which waltz heavily around the Mount of the Deep and
consume its beautiful gardens. Unarmed we glide over
the cool flames, and our images laugh out of burning bil-
lows!" Thus said the sailor rejoicingly, as he looked up
to the thundering mountain. But I exclaimed: "Be-
hold! thus the Muse reflects in an everlasting mirror the
heavy sorrow of the world, and the unfortunate look in,
and rejoice in the midst of their pain."

THE SUN-FLOWER AND NIGHT-VIOLET.

The full-blown Sun-flower once said: "Apollo shines
and I expand; he walks over the world, and I follow af-
ter him." In the night the Violet said: "Lowly stand I
and hide myself and bloom in the short night; the mild
sister of Phebus smiles on me and I fade away and die
on her breast."

THE BUTTERFLY IN THE CHURCH.

Whether he flutters in the small church or in the all-
abounding Temple,—he worships.

THE WISE MAN.

Who is greater? that wise man who elevates himself
above tumultuous Time and looks down upon it without
mingling therein,—or the wise one, who, from the height
of his tranquility cast himself into the stormy strife of the
world?—It is sublime to see the eagle soar through the
tempes, up into the serene heavens; but it is sublimer
when he, floating above the dense stormy vault, plunges
down into his rocky eyry where his unfledged brood
cower and tremble.

GREECE.

Freedom and the Sun never go down on earth, but are
eternally rising. If you hear that the Sun or Freedom
grow weary, and sleep in the ocean,—look to America
where the sun shines in morning, freshness with Free-
dom at his side.

TYRANNY.

The Tyrant crushes the soul before he injures the body;
I mean, he seeks to make his slaves dumb, before he
makes them poor, because he knows that when men
have a head, their hands will rule, and thus withstand
the Tyrant. The Hangman blindfolds the malefactor
before he tortures him.

THE FLOWERS AND THE FOLIAGE.

The flowers hung pale and wasted on the stalk, while
yet it was early May, and as they remained feeble and
tender, the Leaves said: "These weak and useless
things! scarcely born, they perish already; while we
sustain firm and unharmed the heat of summer, growing
broader and brighter until at last, after long months of
service, when we have given the earth beautiful fruit we
go to rest arrayed in many colored robes, amid the can-
non-thunder of the storm." And the falling flowers
said: "We are soon withered; we are born before the
fruit."

Ye quiet, unnoticed, and soon forgotten men, whose
dwellings are in writing-rooms,—ye few unobserved
in the school-room, ye noble well-doers without name in
History, and ye unknown mothers, be not depending
when ye think of the splendor of cities, of golden hills
of triumphal arches spanning fields of battle-victims—ye
are the Flowers!

J. W. H.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

Be kind to each other!

The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!
Then, midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earned
The blest recollection
Of kindness returned!

When day hath departed,
And Memory keeps
Her watch, broken hearted,
Where all she loved sleeps,
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor Envy disprove;
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love.

Not change with to-morrow,
Should Fortune take wing,
But the deeper the sorrow,
The closer the clinging!
O, be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!

When the gloom is deepest round thee,
When the bonds of grief have bound thee;
And in loneliness and sorrow,
By the prisoned springs of life
Thou sittest, yearning for a morrow
That will free thee from all strife;

Look not upwards, for above thee
Neither sun nor star is gleaming;
Look not round for some to love thee;
Put not faith in mortal seeming;
Lightly would they hold and leave thee—
Men and women would deceive thee.

But in the depths of thine own soul
Descend, and mightier powers unroll—
Energies that long have slumbered
In its trackless depths unnumbered.
Speak the word! the power divinest
Will wake, if thou inclinest.

Thou art lord in thine own kingdom;
Rule thyself—thou rulest all!
Smile, when fortune's proud dominion
Roughly touched, shall rudely fall,
Be true unto thyself, and hear not
Evil thoughts, that would enslave thee.
God is in thee! Mortal fear not;
Trust in Him, and he will save thee!

Miscellany.

The Beginning and End of Mrs. Muggeridge's Wedding Dinner.

Mr. Muggeridge is a poor gardener—or rather a poor man and a good gardener—who has always been poor.—Mrs. Muggeridge has lived in wealthy families as a domestic, and has some very vivid notions of high life in general, and of the comforts of good eating in particular. The anniversary of their wedding day is at hand, and Mrs. Muggeridge is anxious to astonish her husband's palate with something a little nicer than it ever knew before. Mary Howitt tells the story, and who can do it better than she does?

"How Muggeridge did enjoy that bit of a neck of pork and apple-sauce last Sunday!" thought Mrs. Muggeridge to herself, as she was pondering during the week on what they should have next Sunday for their wedding-day's dinner; "I never saw him relish anything like that pork; and the pinch of dried sage and the mustard made it as good as goose! I do love to see that man enjoy his dinner! How he would like a hare!"

Mrs. Muggeridge thought of the hare again and again; she thought of the nice middle-cut of the back, and the sauce and the current jelly; and she thought if she could only just for once, see that on her husband's plate, she should be perfectly happy. The idea stuck fast in her brain, she could not get it out again: "There's plenty of winter-savory and lemon-thyme in the garden," thought she, "Muggeridge set that himself when I wanted to make a stuffing for heart;—and current jelly, why one might get a sixpenny pot of that at the confectioner's and what's left will do to give the children after physic, if they should want any. It will be a dear dinner," thought she, "any how; but just for once! At all events I can go and ask the price of the hare—there is no harm in asking."

The poultryers' and games-shops were full of hares, and pheasants and turkeys—there was evidently no lack of such things. Mrs. Muggeridge wanted a hare for as little money as possible. She was in despair when she heard four and sixpence and four shillings asked; she could not afford above two shillings. The people asked her if she supposed they stole their hares to sell them at that price. Mrs. Muggeridge turned round and walked home disconsolately, that hares were not meant for poor folks' eating. When she reached her own door, she became, for the first time, aware that a big lad in leathern leggings and a smock frock, whom she had noticed near the game-dealer's had followed her home.

"Can I say a word to you, missis?" said he.
She took him in. He inquired if she wanted a hare; he said he had been selling some in the town, and that if she liked he would bring a good one for two shillings, the price he had heard her offer.

Mrs. Muggeridge was delighted—it was the very thing she wanted, and she felt as if she could not be civil enough to him. The next night after dusk, he brought the hare in a covered basket, and received the stipulated two shillings. Now what a dinner her husband should have on his wedding day! but he should know nothing about it till it was time for him to begin eating. She begged him accordingly, on Sunday morning, to take the children out for a walk, as she meant to cook at home that day, instead of sending to the bake-house; he did so, promising to return punctually at one o'clock.

The hare looked quite grand, twirling by a worsted string behind the little clothes-horse, on which she hung a clean sheet to make a hostener, before the fire; Mrs. Muggeridge was indefatigable in basting it. The savory

odor proceeded forth from the house; the neighbors seemed to be nothing all the morning, but came, as before, first salt, and floor, and then a meat-saw, and everybody knew what a dinner the Muggeridges were going to have that day!

The hare was done to a turn as the husband and the children came in with the foaming tankard of ale which they had called for on their way; the sauce was poured into a milk-jug, and the current jelly turned out in a saucer; the potatoes were smoking hot and fit for a lord's table. Muggeridge could hardly believe his senses when he came in, it smelled so excellently, and there seemed such plenty of it! He tied on the children's pinafores, and set them on tall chairs, and sharpened a knife for his wife to carve this unexpected delicacy, and seemed quite delighted with the compliment she had paid their wedding-day.

The middle cut of the back, with plenty of stuffing and gravy and current jelly, was on his plate.
"Now taste it, John," said his wife, impatient to see the effect it would produce; "I'd live on bread and water for a week, to see you relish it properly!"

Muggeridge said it was good, very good, but he was not quite sure whether the pork and apple-sauce last week was not as nice. Mrs. Muggeridge was shocked to hear him say so, and to please her he was helped a second time; the children eat the potatoes and gravy and current jelly, as much as they could get, and left the hare, but then children are no judges!

Muggeridge went back on Monday morning to his work; and Mrs. Muggeridge lived contentedly on potatoes and salt in the memory of the sumptuous Sunday's dinner. In the midst of these pleasant reminiscences, what was her surprise and consternation to receive a visit from a constable, who presented a warrant issued by the then sitting magistrates. She must go along with him and answer for the high crime and misdemeanor of having bought a hare from an unlicensed dealer!

Poor Mrs. Muggeridge! at her own kitchen door had opened and swallowed her up, she could not have looked in greater dismay. Before the bench of magistrates was she brought.

How had she become possessed of that hare? From whom had she bought it? Did she not know that she was amenable to the law for buying purchased a hare from an unlicensed dealer?

"Oh Lord, no! how could she think she was doing any harm?" asked she.

"But what business had a person like her with a hare at all? The poor had nothing to do with game of any kind."

"These words put poor Mrs. Muggeridge into a passion; and she said she meant no harm by what she had done—not she, indeed! She meant only to give her husband, who was an honest man, a treat on his wedding-day, and that was the reason she had a hare; and a very good reason too! Put, added she, her wrath growing as she spoke, rich ladies who were fond of their husbands, to whom, however, hardly anything was a rarity, might buy just what they liked and no harm done; but poor folks, who worked hard for every penny they got, could not get any little rarity at a price lower than the rich would give for it, without making criminals of themselves. That was the magistrate's law, she supposed."

The magistrates said that she was a cunning woman.—"The whole bench was against her; they insisted upon knowing from whom she had bought the hare. She did not tell them; for the very best of reasons, because she did not know herself. She told them so, and said: further, that she did not think it was any business of hers to be asking folks' names before she bought anything from them, or to inquire if they were regularly licensed and qualified to sell! No, indeed, that was no business of hers! All she knew was, that she had honestly bought and paid for the hare; and if the law made that a crime, why then the laws wanted mending, that was all she could say!"

Her answer, and the temper in which it was given, did not please the magistrates at all. They said she ought to be sent to prison; but because she and her husband had hitherto borne respectable characters, and this the first offence, she would merely be fined.
The fine and the costs, together, came to five pounds! She stood quite confounded as this sum was named.—Five pounds!

Yes, and she must either pay it or go to jail! She thought of the money which her own husband had robbed them of. She thought of what her husband would say. She groaned aloud, but said not a word, and felt ready to drop.

The magistrates did not seem to consider how next to impossible it must be for a poor woman like her to pay the fine; they waited for her answer however.

"I have some good furniture," at length she said, "a capital chest of drawers, and a good eight-day clock; either of them is worth the money, if your worshipships cannot make it easier for me—for I meant no harm—not the least—and have always borne a good character!—Cannot your worshipships make it easier to me?"

Not the magistrates said they could do nothing of this kind, and that she must think herself very leniently dealt with as it was.

A warrant was therefore issued to seize furniture to the amount of five pounds and costs; and she went home balancing in her mind which she would rather lose, clock or chest of drawers. She decided upon the latter, for said she to herself, John would miss the clock most, and the house would be so lonesome without it. A clock is, as one may say, a sort of live thing that keeps one company.

The men, however, said that the chest of drawers was not enough by itself, nor the clock either, so they must

have them both; and in spite of all the poor woman said so they had. They told her for her consolation, however, that they should be sold, and whatever money was over, it should be sent to her. But no money ever came.

Mrs. Muggeridge sat quite heart-broken in her desolated kitchen; the pride of her eyes was gone. She felt as if she should never take pleasure in anything again—she hated the very idea of a hare. She was so very miserable that she could not help scolding the children.

"Whatever will Muggeridge say?"—thought she again and again, and while she was thus thinking the door opened and in he walked. "The news had just reached him," he said, "and his master, who had blamed him for buying a hare under any circumstances, had allowed him to come home and see after things."

It quite overcame poor Mrs. Muggeridge to see that her husband was not angry with her. They sat down by the fire together, each took a child on their knee, and the children were soon fast asleep. There was something very soul-cementing and consolatory in their thus sitting, side by side, in their trouble, without either upbraiding the other.

"I'll tell you what, John, I have positively made up my mind to," began Mrs. Muggeridge, after a long pause; "I'll take again to my dress-making, as you wish, and as I have so long promised—that I will! and I'll never rest till we've got this money, and the other money too, back again! You shall see, John," she said, "that good may come out of evil. I'll begin dress-making to-morrow morning, that I will!"

"Ay, do, my lass," said John, taking her hand kindly; "do, and we shall, may be, be none the poorer in the end by our losses—and I'll tell you what I will do too—it's what master has wanted me to do a long time—as well as you—I'll grow those flowers for the show; I know I shall succeed if I only begin—for when once I begin in good earnest nobody can beat me."

"Well, now, I am pleased," said poor Mrs. Muggeridge, ready to cry; and I'll tell you what, John, we won't fret ourselves any more about the loss of the money and these things, but we'll set to, and get more; and after this, what we get we shall keep."

They did get more, and they turned it to good account too.

Fifteen years afterwards, the time at which we are writing, the house, which is now their own, and to which considerable additions have been made, looks as bright as ever; and the field at the back of the house, which they have now on lease, and mean to buy, is a large, flourishing nursery-ground and garden; and John Muggeridge and his two sons, the eldest a fine young man, turned twenty, and half a dozen men besides, are busy at work in it; while Mrs. Muggeridge, as buxom and cheerful as when she was young and her three pretty daughters, for when she began dress-making she had lots of children—make the house inside more cheerful even than a summer flower-garden.

A ROBBER SHOT.

In a quiet village, not far from the great and stirring town of Liverpool, there is a small druggist's shop which abuts on the main road; its only occupants were Mr. Mark Melrose and his man Robert. The shop had a dash of splendor in its appearance, and its interior had been fitted with various embellishments, at considerable expense. Late one night, Mr. Melrose, finding himself fatigued, desired his man to shut up the store. The man complied, retired to bed in the attic, and was soon asleep. Mr. Melrose also retired to his chamber shortly afterwards, and was soon at rest. The night was dark and still, and every thing seemed hushed. Long after midnight there began to be strange noises in the house, and a crash, more loud than the others, awoke Mr. Melrose from his sleep. He conceived some buglar had certainly got in, and was at work below. Taking his pistol, which he always kept loaded, he went noiselessly down, and on going through a dark passage in the basement he felt a sudden draft of air, as if some one had rapidly passed him. Alarmed at the occurrence, he paused, and held his breath; but, recovering himself, he shouted, "Who's there? Speak, or I'll shoot you!" But all was as still as the grave. Bang! A loud scream, succeeded by a heavy fall, told that the shot had been effectual.—Mr. Melrose retired in affright and horror at the dead he had done. The uproar had roused Robert from his sleep, who listened, trembling, in his bed, but did not move.—Astounded by the loud report of the pistol, he jumped out of bed, and throwing open the window, roared, at the top of his voice, "Police! Robbers! Murder!" Mr. Melrose called to his man to come down, as he had shot the robber. Procuring a light, after some delay, his mind greatly distressed at the thought of finding a fellow-creature weltering in his gore, he discovered, to his utter astonishment, that he had shot—the cat!—Liverpool Albion.

From the Northern Tribune.
MONEY DIGGING IN DRESDEN.

Every body in these diggings has heard about the efforts that were made 40 years ago, and that have been continued at different periods since, by certain persons to obtain the needful by digging for it in a certain spot in the town of Dresden, pointed out by one of those favored individuals who are gifted with the power of looking through a stone. Passing by the place last Saturday in company with one or two others, we paid a visit to the spot, and found that forty years had not dissipated the illusion. Four able bodied young men were engaged in prosecuting the search after the hidden treasure to obtain which thousands of dollars have already been expended. They have commenced operations two or three rods from

where the first excavation was made and have sunk the pit something like 20 feet, and have now commenced mining under the hill, with the intention of timbering it up as they proceed. They had, when we were there, proceeded in a horizontal direction about 8 feet, but had not got it so they could place their timbers, and stood, we should think, in some danger of being buried by the bank caving in upon them. Where they were digging was a vein of cable stone which the men supposed had been placed there by those who buried the money, and every one which they found broken gave new strength to their faith.

One hardly knows whether to laugh at or pity the credulity of those who can believe that men would dig 20 feet deep to bury money and cover it with thousands of tons of stone. We came away decidedly of the opinion that there are some fools in the world yet.

GOING TO LAW.

Two Dutchmen, who built and used in common a small bridge over a little stream which ran through their farms, had a dispute concerning certain repairs which were required; one of them objected to paying the expense of two or three new planks. Finally the aggrieved party went to a neighboring lawyer, and placing ten dollars in his hand, said, "I will give you all the money you want to make Hans do justice on the bridge."

"How much" will it cost to repair the bridge?" asked the honest counsellor of the determined litigant.

"Well, den, not more as five tollar," replied the Dutchman.

"Very well," said the Lawyer, pocketing one of the notes and handing him the other, "take this, and go and get the bribe repaired; it is the best course you can take."

"Yaas," said the Dutchman, slowly, "dat ish more better dan to quarrel mit Hans," but as he went along home, he shook his head frequently, as if unable after all, quite clearly to see how he had gained any thing by going to law.

AN AUCTIONEER'S DISMISSION.

The editor of the Cincinnati National gives the following as the manner in which an auctioneer of that city dismissed his customers a few evenings since: "You can now cut off to your peaceful homes, such of you as have any—those who have not will please return to your respective stalls in the market-house, and there consign yourself to the hug of Mr. Morpheus. Visit no coffee-houses on your way, lest afterwards, unwillingly, you make the reeking gutter your nocturnal couch, and there receive the visit of some marauding swine, the ravenous craving of whose capacious maw shall cause him to insert his unwashed snout into the inner temple of your shirt-bosom! I pray you avoid it. Now get out of this house, every beggar of you or cross dogs and your coat-tails will become intimate acquaintances! Slide!"

A FARMER'S BAROMETER. A writer in the Georgia Farmer gives directions for making a cheap barometer, to aid in foretelling the weather. He takes a stick three feet long and attaches to the but-end of it a phial, full of air, of course, and corked tight. The stick is then suspended in a horizontal position on a pivot where it will turn, say on a thread tied near its centre. When the storm is coming on, the air outside is lighter than that in the phial; of course the phial sinks and indicates a change in the atmosphere. Such a barometer may be made in ten minutes, and some of our philosophic farmers will incline to have barometers of their own manufacture.

PRUNING.

This operation is performed by some in winter, by others in May; while a third class of theorists recommend "any time," as the best. By this, we suppose they intend to be understood as saying, that the orchardist, who happens also to be a farmer, should consult his own convenience rather than the laws of nature, and whenever he can find time. But we should recommend the month of May as the most appropriate season for this operation; and in this we are fully warranted by the results of innumerable experiments, instituted both by myself and others.—Maine Cultivator.

DEATH OF CHILDREN. A writer in an English magazine, speaking of the death of very young children, thus beautifully remarks:

"The sinless soul of the cherub child, that dies on its mother's breast, wings its way to heaven, unconscious of the joys it might have here, as also of the many miseries of which it might be a partaker. This can hardly be called DEATH. It is but the calm, soft ebbing of the gentle tide of life, to flow on no more in the troubled ocean of existence; it is but the removal of a fair creature, 'too pure for earthly stay,' to make one of that bright band of cherubim which encompasses in glory and in joy the throne of the living God."

"But, glorious as may be the change to the little ones, it is hard for the mother to part thus early with her fair-haired innocence—to break off all the delightful ties of parting tenderness that had bound her, even in a few months, to that gentle form forever."

The American Tract Society has circulated within a few years more than 100,000 copies of Pilgrim's Progress, and having nearly worn out, a set of stereotype plates, has recast it in large beautiful type, with elegant engravings, stillkeeping the price within the means of all.

